

1032

THE  
Counter Scuffle.

Whereunto is added

THE  
Counter Rat.

Written by R. S.



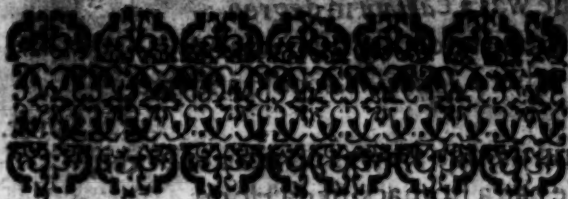
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THE  
Counter Scuffer

Whereunto is added

THE  
Counter Rasc

Which by R. S.



And in his rage had iudged  
**THE**

## Counter Scuffle.

**I**F Et that Majestick Pen that writes  
Of brave King *Arthur* and his Knights,  
And of their Noble Feats and Fights;  
And those who tell of Mice and Frogs,  
And of the Skirmisher of Hogs,  
And of fierce Beares and maulive Dogs,

Be silent.

And now let each one listen well,  
While I the famous Battle tell,  
In *Wood-street* Councell that befell

In high Lent.

In which great Scuffle only twain,  
Without much hurt or being slain,  
Immortall honour did obtain

By merit.

One

*The Counter Scuffle*

One was a *Captain* in degree,  
A strong and lusty man was hee  
T'other a *Trades-man* bold and free,

Of Spirit.

And though he was no man of Force,  
He had a stomach like a Horse,  
And in his rage had no remorse

Or pittie.

Full nimble could he cuffe and clout,  
And was accounted, without doubt,  
One of the prettiest Sparks about

The City

And at his weapon any way  
He could perform a single Fray,  
Even from the long pike to the Tay-

lors Bodkin,

He reckt not for his flesh a jot,  
He feard nor *Englishman* nor *Scot*,  
For *Man* or *Monster* car'd he not

A Dodkin

For fighting was his recreation,  
And like a man in Desperation,  
For *Law*, *Edict*, or *Proclamation*,

He car'd not.

And



*The Counter Scuffle*

And in his Anger (cause being given)  
To lift his hand 'gainst good Sir *Shalton*,  
Or any Justice under Heaven,

He feard not  
He durst his enemy withstand,  
Or at *Tengoo*, or *Calis Sand*,  
And bravely there with Sword in hand

would greet him  
And noble *Ellis* was his name,  
Who 'mongst his foes to purchase fame,  
Nor cared though the Devil came

To meet him  
And this brave *Goldsmith* was the man  
Who first this worthy *Brawl* began,  
Which after ended in a Can

Of milde Beere  
But had you seen him when he fought,  
How eagerly for blood he sought,  
There's no man but would have him thought

A wilde Beare,  
Imagine now you see a score  
Of madcap Gentlemen, or more,  
Boyes that do use to royst and rore,

And swagger,  
Among

Among the which were three or foure,  
That rul'd themselves by wisdoms lore,  
Vvwhose very Grandfires scarcely were

A Dagger.

A Priest and Lawyer, men well read  
In wiping Spoons, and chipping Bread,  
And falking so (short grace being said)

Full roundly

Whose hungry mawes no Sallets need  
Good appetites therein to breed,  
Their stomacks without sauce could feed

Profoundly.

Twas ill that men of sober diet  
Who lov'd to fill their guts in quiet,  
Were plac'd with Ruffins that to riet

were given;

And (O great griefe!) even from their food  
(Their stomacks too being strong & good)

And that sweet place whereon it stood,

Be driven.

But here 'tis fitting I repeat  
What food ordain'd by pri'sners eat;  
But if in placing of the meat

And Dishes,

From

*The Counter Scuffle.*

From curious order I do swerve,  
'Tis that themselves did none observe,  
For which nor flesh they did deserve,

Nor Fishes,

But some (perhaps) will say that Lent,  
Affords them not what here is ment,  
So much, so good, and that they went

without it.

Tis like: but if I adde a Dish,  
Or twain, or three of Flesh or Fish,  
They either had, or did it with,

Ne're doubt it,

Then wipe your mouthes, while I declare,  
The goodnesse of this Lenten fare,  
Which is in Prison very rare,

I tell yee,

Furmyty sweet as any Nut,  
As good as ever swill'd a gut.  
And Butter sweet as ere was put

*The  
Supper*

In belly.

Egges by the dozen, new and good,  
Which in white Salt uprightly stood,  
And meats which heat and stir the blood

To action,

As

### *The Counter Souffle.*

As butter'd Crabs, and Lobsters red,  
Which send the married payre to bed,  
And in loose bloods have often bred

*A Faction,*

Fish butter'd to the Platters brim,  
And Parsnips did in Butter swim,  
Strew'd ore with Pepper neat and trim;

*Sals Sammon*

Smells cry'd, come Eat me, do not stay,  
Fresh Cod and Mayds full nearly lay,  
And next to these a lusty Ba-

*con Gammon*

Stuck thick with Cloves upon the back,  
Well stuff with Sage, and for the smack  
Daintily strew'd with Pepper black;

*Souc d Gurnet,*

Pickrell, Sturgeon, Tench, and Trout,  
Meat far too good for such a Rout  
To tumble, tosse, and throw about

*And spurn it.*

The next, a Neats-tongue neatly dryde,  
Mustard and Sugar by his side,  
Roberts butter'd, Flounders fryde,

*Hot Custard,*

*Eeles*

*The Counter Scuffle.*

*Feles* boyl'd & broyl'd; and next they bring  
*Herring*, that is the *Fishes King*,  
And then a Courtly *Poul* of *Ling*  
and *Mustard*

But stay, I had almost forgot  
The flesh which still stands piping hot,  
Some from the Spit, some from the pot  
new taken,

A *Shoulder*, and a *Leg* of *Mutton*,  
As good as ever *Knife* was put on,  
Which never were by a true *Glutton*  
Forfaken

A *Loyn* of *Veal* that would have dar'd  
One of the hungriest of the *Guard*,  
And they sometimes will feed full hard  
Like tall men

And such as love the *Lusty Chine*;  
But when that I shall *Sup* or *Dine*,  
God grant they be no *Guests* of mine,  
Of all men.

Thus the *Descriptions* are compleat,  
VVhich I have made of *Men* and *Meat*,  
*Mars* ayd me now while I repeat

The *Battle*  
Where

*The Coward Scuffle*

VWhere pots and Stooles were up'd as gins,  
To break each others Heads and Shins,  
Where blows did make bones in their skins

To rattle

VWhere men to madnesse never ceast,  
Till each (furious as a Beast)  
Had spoyl'd the fashion of a Feast

Full dainty

VWhereon (had they not been accurst)  
They might have fed till Bellies burst;  
But Ellis shew'd himselte the worst

Of twenty

For he began this monstrous Braull,  
VWhich afterward incens'd them all  
To throw the meat about the Hall

That Even.

And now give eare unto the jarre  
That fell between these men of warre,  
VWherein so many a harmlesse skarre

was given.

The Boord thus furnisht, each man sate,  
Some fell to feeding, some to prate,  
Mong whom a jarring question strait

was risen,  
For

*The Counter Scuffle.*

For they grew hotly in dispute,  
What Calling was of most repute;  
Twas well their wits were so acute

In prison  
While they discours'd the *Parson* blythe  
Fed as he meant to have the Tythe  
Of every Dill, being sharp as Sythe

In feeding;  
But haste had almost made him choke,  
Or elce (perhaps) he would have spoke  
In prayse of his long-thred bare Cloke

And breeding  
But after a deliberate pause,  
The *Lawyer* spoke, as he had cause,  
In commendacion of the *Laws*

Profession  
The *Law* (quoth he) by a just doom  
Doth censure all that to it come,  
And still defends the innocent from

Oppression  
It favours Truth, it curbes the hope  
Of Vice; it gives allegiance scope,  
Provides a Gallows and a Rope

For Treason

This

*The Counter Scuffle*

This doth the *Law*, and this is it  
VVhich makes us here in prison sit,  
VVhich grounded is on holy Writ

And Reason

To which all men must subject be,  
As we by daily prooffe doe see,  
From highest to the low'st degree,

The Scholler,

Noble, and Rich: It doth subdue  
The *Souldier* and his swaggering crue,  
But at that word the Captain grew

In choller

He lookt full grim, and at first word  
Rapt out an Oath that shook the Board,  
And struck his Fist, that the sound roar'd

Like Thunder

It made all skip, that stood him near,  
The frighted *Custard* quak'd for fear,  
And those that heard it, stricken were

with wonder

Nought did he now but frown and puffe,  
And having star'd and swore enough,  
Thus he began in language rough,

Thou cogging

Bale



*The Counter Scuffle*

Base foysting Lawyer, that dost set  
Thy minde on nothing, but to get  
Thy living by thy damned per-  
rifogging,

A Slave, that shall for halfe a Crown,  
With Buckram Bag, and daggled Gown,  
Wait like a Dog about the Town,  
And follow

A Businesse on the Devils part  
For Fees, though not with Law nor Art,  
But Head as empty as thy Heart  
Is hollow,

You stay at home and pocket Fees,  
While we abroad our bloods do leese,  
And then with such base termes as these  
You wrong us

But Lawyer, it is safe farre  
For thee to prattle at a Barre,  
Then once to shew thy face i' th' warre  
Among us

Where to defend such thanklesse Hinds,  
The Soldier little quiet finds,  
But is expol'd to stormy winds  
And weathers

And

*The Counter Scuffle*

And oft in blood he wades full deep,  
Your throats from forrain swords to keep,  
And wakes when you securely sleep

In Feathers.

What could your *Laws* and *Statutes* doe  
Against invasions of a *Foe*,  
Did not the valiant *Souldier* goe

To quell'em?

And to prevent your further harmes,  
With *Ensigne*, *File*, and loud *Alarmes*  
Of warlike *Drum*, by force of *Armes*

Repell'em?

Your *Trespasse Action* will not stand,  
For setting foot upon your *Land*,  
When they in scorn of your *Command*

Come hither

No remedy in *Courts* of *Poulet*,  
In *Common Pleas*, or in the *Roules*,  
For jouling of your *jobbernonles*

Together

Were't not for us, thou *Smad* (quoth hee)  
Where woul'dst thou goe to get a *Fee*?  
But to defend such things as thee,

Tis pittie,  
For

*The Counter Scuffle*

For, such as thou esteem us least,  
VVho ever have been ready prest  
To guard you and the *Cuckoos* nest,  
your City.

That very word made *Ellis* start,  
And all his blood ran to his heart,  
He shook, and quak'd in every part

with Anger,  
He lookt as if nought might assuage  
The heat of his enflamed Rage,  
His very countenance did presage

Some danger  
A *Cuckoos* nest! quoth he, and so  
He hum'd, and held his head full low  
As if distracted thoughts did o-  
verpresse him,

At length, quoth he, my Mother sed,  
At *Bristow* she was brought abed,  
And there was *Ellis* born and bred,  
(God blesse him)

Of *London* Crie I am free,  
And there I first my *Wife* did see,  
And for that very cause, quoth he,

I love it.

And

*The Counter Scuffle*

And he that calls it Cuckoos nest,  
Except he sayes he speaks in jest,  
He is a Villaine and a Beast,

Ile prove it

This Ile maintain, nor doe I care  
Though Captaine Paiguns stamp and stare,  
And I wagge, swear, and tear his haire  
in fury

And with the hazard of my blood  
I'll fight up to the knees in mud;  
But I will make my quarrell good,  
Assure ye

For though I am a man of Trade,  
And Free of London City made,  
Yet can I use Gun, Bill, and Blade  
In Battle

And Citizens, if need require,  
Themselves can force the Foe retire,  
VVhat ever this Low-Counrey Squire  
Doc prattle

For we have Souldiers of our own,  
Able enough to guard the Town,  
And Captains of most faire Renown  
About it

If

*The Counter Scuffle.*

If any Foe should fight amain,  
And set on us with all his Train,  
Wee'll make him to retire again,

Nere doubt it

We have fought well in Dangers past,  
And will doe while our lives doe last,  
VVithout the help of any cast

Commanders

That hither come, compel'd by want,  
With rusty Swords, and Suits provant,  
From *Virick*, *Numigen*, or *Gant*

In *Flanders*.

The Captain could no longer hold,  
But looking fiercely, plainly told  
The Citizen, he was too bold

and call'd him

Proud Boy, and for his sauey speech,  
Did vow shortly to whip his breech:  
Then *Ellis* snatcht the pot, with which

he mall'd him

He threw the Jugge, and therewithall  
Did give the Captain such a mall,  
As made him thump against the wall

The  
Scuffle

his Crupper

with

*the Captain's Scuffle*  
VVith that the *Captain* took a Dish  
That stood brim full of butterd Eish,  
As good any beate could wish

To Supper  
And as he threw his Foot did slide,  
Which turn'd his Arm and Dish aside,  
And all be-butter'd in his side

Nick Ballat  
And he (good man) did none disease,  
But sitting quiet and at ease,  
VVith butterd *Robbers* fought to please

His pallat  
But when he felt the wrong he had,  
He rag'd, and swore, and grew stark mad,  
Some in the Room been better had

without him  
For he took hold of any thing  
And first he caught the *Poul* of *Ling*,  
VVhich he courageously did fling

about him  
Out of his hand it flew apace,  
And hit the *Lawyer* in the face,  
VWho at the Board in highest place,

was seated.  
And

*The Counter Scuffle.*

And as the Lawyer thought to rise,  
The Salt was thrown into his eyes,  
Which him of sight in wofull wise

**Defeated**

All things near hand, Nick Bullat threw,  
At length his butterd Roeberts flew  
And hit by chance, among the crew.

**The Parson,**

The Sauce his Coar did all be wet,  
The Priest began to fume and fret,  
The Seat was buttred which he set.

**His—on**

He knew not what to doe or say,  
It was is vain to Preach or Pray,  
Or cry, you *are all gone astray*

**Good people**

He might as well go strive to reach  
Divinity beyond his reach;  
Or when the Bels ring out, go preach.

**i th Steeple**

At this milchance the Gilly man,  
Out of the Room would faine have ran,  
And very angerly began

**To mutter**

**ill**

*The Countess Seuffts*

Ill Luck had he, for after that  
One threw the *Par/neps* full of Fat,  
VVhich stuck like Broaches in his Hat  
with Butter.

Out of the place he soon repayres,  
And ran halfe headlong down the Stayres,  
And made complaint to Master *Ayres*  
with crying,

Vp ran he to know the matter,  
And found how they the things did scatter,  
Here a Trencher, there a Platter  
were lying

I dare not say he stunk for wo,  
Nor will, unlesse I did it know,  
But some there be that dare say so,  
that smelt him

Nor could ye blame him if he did,  
For they threw Dishes at his head,  
And did with Egges and Loaves of Bread  
hepelt him

He thrust him selfe into the throng,  
And used the vertu of his tongue,  
But what could one mans words among  
so many?



## The Counter Scuffle

The Candles were all shuffled out,  
The Vittles flew afresh about;  
Was never such a Combat fought

by any.

Now in the Dark was all the coyl,  
Some were bloody in the Broyl,  
And some lay steep in Sallet-Oyl

and Mustard

The sight would make a man afeard;  
Another had a butterd Beard,  
Anothers face was all besmeard

with Custard

Others were dawb'd up to the knee  
With butterd Fish and Furmites;  
And some the men could scarcely see

that beat 'em.

Vnder the Board *Lluellin* lay,  
Being sore frighted with the Fray,  
And as the weapons flew that way

*Will: Lluellin a prisoner there, sometime the Keeper*

he eat 'em

The bread stuck in the windowes all,  
Like Bullets in a Castle wall  
VWhich furious foes doe seek to seal

in Battle  
Shoulders

*The Quarter Scuffle*

Shoulders of *Murder*, and Loyns of *Veal*,  
Appointed for to serve the Meal  
About their caresfull many a Peal

Did rattle

One of  
the under  
Keepers.

The which when *Quinn Blenny* spide,  
Oh, take away their Armies he cryde  
Lest some great hurt doe them beide,

Prevent it

And then the *Knave* away did steal  
Of Food that fell, no litle deal,  
And in his House at many a Meal

He spent it,

The *Captain* in the roost among,  
As eager to revenge the wrong  
Done by the *Por* which *Ellis* song

So stoutly,

And angry *Ellis* sought about  
To finde the furious *Captain* out,  
At length they met, and then they fought

Devoutly

Now being met, they never lin,  
Till with their loud rebulious din,  
The Room and all that was therein

Did rumble

Instead

in Battle  
Shoulders

*The Counter Scuffle*

Instead of Weapons made of Steele,  
The Captain took a Salted Eele,  
And at each blow made *Ellis* reele  
and tumble;

*Ellis* a Pippin-Pie had got,  
A forer weapon than the Por,  
For lo, the Apples being hot  
did scald him

The Captain layd about him ill,  
As if he would poor *Ellis* kill,  
And with his *Eele* with a good will  
He mall'd him -

At length, quoth he, *Ellis* thou art  
A Fellow of a couragious heart,  
Yield now, and I will take thy part  
hereafter

Quoth *Ellis*, much I scorn to hear  
Thy words of Threats, being free from fear,  
With which he hardly could forbear  
from laughter

Together then afresh they fly,  
The *Eele* against the Pippin Pie:  
But *Blany* stood there purposely  
to watch 'em.  
The

## The Counter Scuffle

The weapons wherewithall they fought  
Were those for which he chiefly sought,  
And with an eager stomach thought  
to catch 'em

But scap't not now so well away  
As at the *Veal and Mutton Fray*;  
He thought to have with such a prey  
his jawes fed,

But all his hope did turn aside,  
He lookt for that which luck deny'd,  
For *Ellis* all be-pippin-py'd  
his Calves-head,

Wo was the case he now was in,  
 The hot Apples did scald his skin,  
 His Skull as it had rotten bin,  
 did quoddle

With that one Fool among the rout  
Made out cry all the House about,  
That *Blany's* Brains were beaten out  
his Noddle

A Turn-  
key, a fat  
fellow

Which *Lockwood* hearing, needs would see  
What all this coyl and stirre might bee,  
And up the Staires his Guts and hee

went wadling  
But

*The Counter Scuffle.*

But when he came the Chamber near,  
Behinde the Door he stood to hear,  
For in he durst not come for fear

Of swadling

There stood he in frightfull case,  
And as by chance he stir'd his face,  
Full in the mouth a Butterd Playce

did hit him

Away he sneakt, and with his tongue  
He lickt and swallowd up the wrong,  
And as he went the Room along,

be—him

For help now doth poore *Lockwood* cry,

O bring a Surgeon or I dy,

My guts out of my belly fly ;

come quickly

*Blany* with open mouth likewise

For present help of Surgeon cryes,

Pitty a man, quoth he, that lyes

so sickly

*Phillips* the skilful Surgeon then,

Was cal'd, and cal'd, and cal'd agen,

If he had skil to cure these men,

to shew it

D

Ac

*The Counter-Scuffle.*

At length he comes, and first he puts  
His hands to feel for *Lockwoods* Guts  
Which came not forth so sweet as Nuts;

All know it

He cries for water; In the mean  
One calls up *Madge* the *Kitchin* quean,  
To take and make the Baby clean,

and clout it

Fast by the Nose she took the Squall,  
And led him softly th'row the Hall,  
Lest the perfume through knees should fall

about it

She turn'd his Hose beneath the knee,  
Nor could she chuse but laugh to see  
That yellow which was wont to bee

a white breech

She took a Dish-clout off the shelve,  
And with it wip't the sh—— Else,  
VVhich had not wit to help it selfe

Poor — breech

Thus leaving *Lockwood* all berayd,  
Vnto the mercy of the Mayd,  
VVho well deserved to be payd

For taking  
Such

*The Counter Scuffle.*

Such homely paines: Now let us cast  
Our thoughts back on the stirre that's past,  
And them whose Bones could not in hast

Leave aking.

And like the Candles, shall my Pen  
Shew you these Gallants once agen,  
Which now like *Furies*, not like men,

Appeared

Fresh lights being brought t'appease the Brall  
Shew twenty mad-men in the Hall,  
VVith Blood and Sauce their faces all

Besmear'd

Their Cloathes rent and souc'd in drink,  
*Oyle, Mustard, Butter*, and the stink  
Which *Lockwood* left, would make one think

In sadnesse

That these so monstrous creatures dwell  
Either in *Bedlam*, or in *Hell*,  
Or that no tongue or pen can tell

Their madnesse

They were indeed disfigured so,  
Friend knew not friend, nor foe-man foe,  
For each man scarce himselfe did know;

But after

*The Counter-Scuffle.*

A frantick staring round about,  
They suddenly did quit their doubt,  
And loudly all at once brake out

In laſter.

The heat of all is now alaid,  
The Keepers gently do perſwade,  
And (as before) all freinds are made,

Full kindly.

*Ellis*, the *Captain* doth imbrace,  
The *Captain* doth return the grace,  
And ſo do all men in the place,

As freindly.

By *Iove* I love thee *Ellis* cry'd,  
The *Captain* ſoon as much reply'd  
Thou art, quoth, he a man well try'd:

And *Vulcan*

With *Mars* at ods again ſhall be,  
E're any jarres twixt thee and me,  
And therupon I drink to thee

A full Can

And then he kneeld upon the ground,  
Drink't off (quoth *Ellis*) for this round  
For ever ſhall be held renownd,

And never.

May



### *The Counter Scuffle*

May any Quarrell twixt us twain,  
Arise, or this renew again,  
But may we loving freinds remain

For ever

Amen cry'd the *Captain*, so did all,  
And so the Health went round the Hall,  
And thus the Famous *Counter Braull*

was ended

But hunger now did vex'em more  
Than all their anger did before,  
They searcht i'th Room how far their store

Extended

They want the Meat which *Blany* stole;  
One finds a *Herring* in a hole  
VVith dirt and dust black as a coal,

And trodden

All under feet: The next in post  
Snaps up and feeds on what was lost,  
And looks not whether it were rost

or sodden

A third finds in another place  
A piece of *Ling* in dirty case,  
And *Mustard* in his fellowes face.

Another  
Espies

*The Counter Scuffle*

Espies, and findes a Loaf of Bread,  
A Dish of Butter all bespread,  
And stuck upon anothers head

i' th' pother

Thus what they found contented some;  
At length the Keeper brings a Broom,  
Meaning therewith to cleanse the Room

with sweeping

But under Table on the ground  
Looking to sweep, by chance he found  
*Luellin*, faining to bee sound-

ly sleeping

He puld him out so swift b' the heeles,  
As if his bum had run on wheelles,  
And found his pocket stuff with *Eeles*;

His Cod-piece

Did plenty of provision bring,  
Somwhat it held of every thing,  
*Smalls, Flounders, Roebess, and of Ling*

A broad piece

At this Discovery each man round  
Took equall share of what was found,  
Which afterwards they freely droun'd

in good Drink;

For

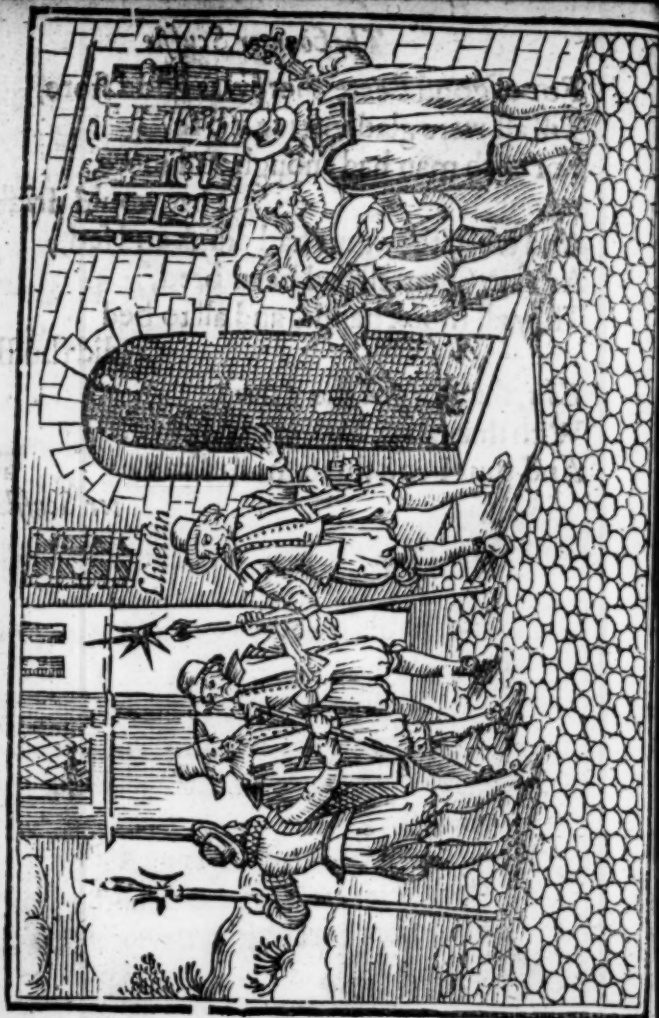
### *The Counter Scuffle*

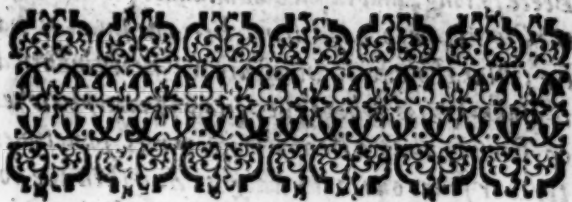
For of good Beere there was good store,  
Till all were glad to give it o're,  
For each man had enough and more,  
That would drink :

And when they thus had drunk and fed,  
As if no Quarrell had been bred,  
They all shook hands, and all to bed  
did shuffle

*Ellis*, the glory of the Town,  
With that brave *Captain* of renown,  
And thus I end this famous Coun-

*ter Scuffle*





## To the Reader

**H**is Bacchanalian Night-prize of the Counter-Scuffle, being thus finished, hath ever since frightened both Prisoners and Taylors from comming into any roome for feare of a second Vproake. So that the Counter for want of sweet garlishing and cleanly looking to, is grown so nasty, that no man (by his good will) will thrust his Nose in at any of the grates: Nay will rather goe a mile about, than come neare it; Though to keep it sweet, a great deale of Mace is stuck upon every Sergeant, as if he were a Capon in white-broth.

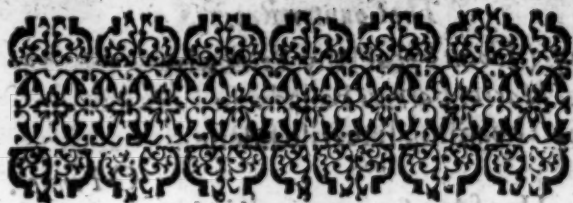
Vpon this slovenlinesse, it is wofully haunted with Rats, not such Rats as runne up and downe in Brew-houses, sucking the new Wort of strong  
E Beere

Beere so long, and in such abundance, that balse  
the City is compelled to drink Beere as small as wa-  
ter; Nor those Rats which are not mealy mouth'd  
in Bake-houses, where they gnaw so many batches  
of Bread, that a Penny loafe wants sometimes  
three or foure ounces in waight. And then the ho-  
nest Baker is blain'd and curs'd, and (perhaps) in-  
nocently set in the Pillory.

Neither are they those Rats, which greaze  
their throats in Tallow-Chandlers shops, where  
they nibble so much upon Candles, that not one  
pound in an hundred is ever full waight.

No, these are no Rats with foure legs, but only  
two; and though they have nests in a thousand  
places of London yet for the most part they run  
but into two Rat-traps, that is to say, The Coun-  
ters of Wood-street and the Poultry, and for  
that cause are called Counter-Rats.

How caught, how mouz'd, and what they are,  
This Picture lively doth declare.



THE  
Counter Rat.

**O**F Knights and Squires of low degree,  
Of Roaring Boyes that stick and free,  
Of Battoon Dam-meets that cry bree,

I sing now,  
At men and women, (Bawds and whores)  
At Pimps and Panders that keep Doores,  
At all that out-face Vintners Scores,

I sing now,  
What sing I? Nothing but light Rimes,  
Not run'd as are Saint *Pulkers* Chimes,  
No Steeples heigh my Muse now climes,

But flyeth  
Close to the ground as Swallows doe,  
When rainy weather must ensue,  
She flies, and sings, and if not true,

She lyeth  
Lay

*The Counter Rat.*

Lay (*Hocus Pocus*) thy Tricks by,  
Let *Martin Parkers* Ballads die,  
Thy Theaming likewise I defie

O *Fenner*!

Let Hogsdon Scrapers on their Base  
Sound Fum-fum-fum from totterd Case  
Nor Mean, nor Treble now take place,

But Tennor;

A Counter Tennor is that note,  
Too easie; tis here sung by rote,  
But got with wetting of your throat

with Claret,

Or stout March-Beer, or Windfor Ale,  
Or Labor-in-vain, (so seldom stale,)  
Or Pymlico, whose too great sale

Did mar it,

He that me reads, shall fall out flat  
VWith *Homers* Frog, and *Virgils* Gnat,  
And *Ovids* Flea, which so near sat

The Moon-shine

For I of stranger VVonders write,  
Of a wilde Vermin got each night,  
Mad Buls in dark, but Guls in light,

Of Sun-shine.

My



*The Counter-Rat.*

My Metamorphosis is rare,  
For Men to Rats transformed are,  
And then, those Rats are Pril'ners rare,

Opitty!

But tis good sport to see them dress,  
To garnish out a Mornings Feast,  
Each bit being salted with a jest

Scarce witty:

These are not Rats that nibble Cheese,  
Or challenge mouldy crusts for Fees,  
And rather will their long Tayles feel

Then Bacon;

No, these are they whose guts being cram'd,  
(As Cannons, hard with powder ram'd)  
And Bag-pipe cheeks with Wines inflam'd,

Are taken

By Constables and Bill-men eke,  
Who speak no Latin, French, nor Greeke,  
But are Night Sconces out to seek,

Night sneakers

Who late in Taverns up do sit,  
Whiffing Smoke, Money, Time, and Wit,  
Pouring in Bowles till they out spit

Full Beakers.

For

E 3

These

*The Counter Rat.*

These (then) being to the Counter led,  
Each Pris'ner shakes his shaggy head,  
And leaning half out of his bed,

A laughing

Falls,— and cries out—a Rat, a Rat,

Oh! roars another,—Is he fat?

If not,—fley off his Cloak or Hat:

Thus scoffing

Till morn they lie,—The poor Rat gets

Into some hole,—besides his wits

To hear such caterwauling fits,

So fright him:

But Day being come,—all up doe rise,

And call for Beer to clear his eyes,

A Gratch then the whole Room cries,

They bite him.

Ask any how such news I tell,

Of *Woolfagers* Hole, or *Poultry's* Hell?

Know, I did 'mongst those Gipsies dwell

That cuzzen there,

I mean the Turn keys, and those Knaves,

Who rack (for Fees) men worse then slaves,

I saw brought in with Bils and Glaves,

Some duzzen there

For

*The Counter-Rat.*

For I one night by Rug-Gowns caught,  
Was for a Rat to th' Counter brought,  
What there my dear experience bought,

He sell ye

Cheaper than I could have it there,  
For they for Tokens throats will reare,  
But such as 'tis, fill with the cheare

Your belly:

Prick up your eares,—for I begin  
To tell what Rats, my night, came in,  
Caught without Cat, or Trap, or Gin,

But mildly

Being cal'd before the Bench of Wits  
VWho sit out midnights Bedlam Fits;  
But some being rid, like jades with Bits,

Ran wildly

First, about twelve, the Counter Gates  
Thunderd with thumpings,—Dores & Grates  
Reeld at the peal,—when our prison-mates

Vp starting

Saw in the Yard a frantick Swarm,  
Crying, O my head, neck, sides, leg, arm,  
Sore had the Fight bin, but small harm

At parting

le

*The Counter Rat,*

It was a VWatch, swearing we bled,  
But 'twas their Noses dropt indeed;  
Masters (quoth they) we charge ye take heed  
Of him there

*A Roaring Rat*

**T**hat Royfter us to our trumps has put,  
And run our Beadle th' row a gut,  
His Bilbo has from each man cut  
A limb here.

They gone, up comes the Bredah Bouncer,  
His Tusks stiffe, starcht like a brave Mounser  
OF Turnbull puncks a staring Trouncer,

Some knew him  
Why here, quoth we? why? zounds because  
I tugg'd with Bears, and par'd their pawes,  
But sure I mauld M<sup>r</sup> Constables jawes,

O flew him;  
All's one—sayd one, please you to bed Sir?  
He (swearing) roar'd, I'm better bred Sir,  
I scorn to rock my Harnesse, Head Sir,

In Feathers;  
Give

*The Counter-Rat.*

Give me a Brick, Sir, for my bolster,  
An Armourer still is my Vpholster,  
In forst, Inow, muck-hills I can roll Sir,

Hang weathers.

Rogue, fetch me a sweet trusse of straw,  
To fire thy layle—Pox a this Law,  
That coopes a Souldier like lack Daw,

I't treason?

Rascall! more Claret, There's none here Sir,  
Why then (you mangy Cur) some Beer Sir,  
There's not a Tapster dares come neere Sir.

Thy reason?

Because you thwack out such huge words Sir,  
His wezand fears them worse than swords Sir,  
Mum then,—He take a nap o' th boords Sir.

He sleeps there.

—

—

*A Crosse-legg'd Rat.*

—

**A** Puritan Taylor then came in,

Who to take measure out had bin,

And (maudlin drunk) to rince his sin,

He weeps there,

weeps

**F**

*The Counter-Rat.*

Weeps to be cald a Rat, being known  
A man at least, — so down being thrown  
On a hard Bench, thus did he groan

In sorrow;  
Brethren where am I? One reply'd,  
In Wood-street Counter. — O my pride!  
Thou art ran down, and I must hide

Too morrow  
A head that was not hid before,  
Who worth him makes Menasse's roare,  
But die I may not in his score,

Beleeve me,  
For consolacion I espy  
Th'row my sweet Spanish needles eye,  
The Sisters will (if here I lie)

Releeve me,  
Sisters i'th' Counter! oh no: here  
Only the wicked ones appeare,  
Wash then thy shame in brinish teares,

Confessing  
Th'art rightly punisht for thy Yard,  
And for thy Goose which graz'd too hard,  
And for some Stuffles which thou hast marr'd

With pressing.  
VVe

*The Counters Reas.* edT

We ask'd him, why he was brought in,  
Black threads of vice (quoth he) I spin,  
And then agen did thus begin,

Condoling,  
All are not Friars, I see, weare Cowles,  
Nor all in mine'd ruffes, milk-white sonles;  
I should have talk'd thus, when the bowles

VVere trolling:  
But then, to steale I held no harm,  
Lappers of drink to keep me warm,  
But linings wet, hurt, though they arm,

Indeed la  
O would my Shears might cut ray thred,  
VVhy is this crosse-legg'd mischief bred?  
Mending my want from heele to head

VVith speed-la,  
Sorrow has made me dry, — No matter,  
Out of mine eyes will I drinke water,  
No other Ram my braines shall batter,

To kill me,  
Roofe, touch no more, wines, French or Spa-  
All drinks Papistieall I banish, [with  
Cut of my lips, this phrase shall vanish,

Boy, Fill me—  
One

*The Counter-Rat.*

One bid him call for Beer, — he sed,  
Oh! No more Beer, — But reach me bread,  
By that Ile swear — Would I were dead,  
And rotten  
When I agen swill ought but whay,  
Yet lest (being cold) my zeal decay,  
Hot waters shall not be one day  
Forgotten.

---

*An old gray Rat.*

**T**His done, he nods, and quickly snores;  
And then afresh wind flie the doores,  
An Usurer hedg'd in with mad Whores,  
Came wallowing  
As does a great ship on the Seas,  
Set on by Gallies, — for, all these  
Vvere Fish wives, who had wine at ease  
Been swallowing  
And blown him up with penny-pots  
Of Sack, which fall to him by lots,  
Payd him at weeks end by th'old Trots,  
For shillings  
ach



## The Counter Rat:

Each Monday lent them,— to buy Skate,  
Crabs, Plaice, and Sprats at *Billingsgate*;  
Thus then they met, and hold thus late

## Their drillings

He rests in peace—but is not dead,  
Yet is worms' meat in lousie bed,  
And lies like one wrapt up in Lcd,

None stirr'd him,

But all his Oyster-mouthes gap'd wide,  
(Wine in their guts was at full Tide)

The Devill did for their Rumps bestride,

And spurr'd them:

They flung & wine'd, & kickt down staires  
Themselves, and stamp't like Flanders Mares,  
Hell is broke loose,—No Keeper dares

## Approach them ;

For, at that Dogge (besawc'd in Sack)

They grinde their teeth, and curse him black  
Crying out, 'Tis thee does break our back,

**And broach them;**

So fast, that all their gaires boyle out,

Deep-red to dye his pockie snout,

But, that which hung these brands about

**So hotly,**

**GAD**

*The Counter Rat*

'Gan now to quench them, sleep does sound  
Retreat, dead-drunk they all lie drown'd  
In cast-up wine, — and on the ground  
The shot lie;

---

*A Black Rat.*

**S** Carce was this hellish dinne allayd,  
But drench in mire, with drink betrayd,  
(New curried) was brought in a jade  
All mettle,  
An Estridge that Iron Barres could eat,  
And Strong beer out of Sea coals beat,  
His Filty-cusses did the VVarch fret  
And nettle,  
This second Smug, who had the Itaggers,  
This Vulcanist, whose nayles were daggers,  
This Smith so arm'd in Ale, he swaggers  
At Inoring:  
Though lockt up, yet see up his trade,  
Bolts, Hinges, Barres, and Grates he made  
Fly, — which being heard, the Jaylor's payd  
His roaring:  
They

*The Counter Rase.*

They furnisht him with iron enough,  
Neck, hands, and leggs had armour tough,  
And stronger (but more cold) than Buffe,

To gard him.

How did they this? none durst com near him  
Like Tom of Bedlam did they feare him,  
All bringing Cans, to pledg them, swear him

So snar'd him,

Yet, for all this, he dar'd in's shackles,  
And cry'd, t'other por, I want more tackles,  
And thus (till break of day) it cackles,

Layd having

The addle Egge of his turn'd braines,

In his iron nest, of rusty chaines,

VVhich made him lose both sense of paines,

And raving:

---

*A Long-sayl'd Rase.*

**T**He next that in our Little Ease,  
Came to be bit with Lice and Fleas,  
Was a spruce knave, like none of these,  
But sober,

As

*The Counter Ras*

As the strand May-pole, — he did go,  
In ruffe, — His thumb th' row ring did show  
A Gentleman seal'd, — for he was no

Hog-grubber;

It was a Petty-foggling Varlet,  
Whose back wore freez, but bum no scarlet,  
And was tane napping with his Harlot,

At noddy:

But being hal'd in, his haire he rent;  
And swore they all should deare repent  
Their baseness, — for no ill he meant

To her boddy.

The Prisoners ask't then what she was,  
(Quoth he) My Client — One well to passe,  
Though here they impound me like an Ass,

He ferk them

He make the Beadle pluck in's horn,  
He flirtd at my nose in scorn,  
The Watch shall stink, the Constable mourn

He jerk them

Hang them (if need be) for they broke  
Her house, — That's Burglary, — The clock  
Scarce counting two, — I hen they struck

o'th' mazzard

An

*The Counter-Rat.*

An action of strong Battry! Good!  
They made my nose then gush bloud,  
(One more!)—And that I mist the mud

VVas hazzard.

Here's Law in lumps :—Must, when to triall  
My Client comes I have deniall  
For ingresse to her, by Scabs? A Ryall

I enter

At Midnight,—a plain Case,—*else Ployden*  
The Case is altered :—shall each *Hoyden*  
Barre Law her course? Dare rusticke *Royden*  
So venture?

A farthing-candle burning by,  
By chance his railing rage did die,  
Yet to his Brest, Revenge did crie :

So churning

His brains for Law-tricks how to sting them,  
And up to all the Barres to bring them,  
He sate, hard-twisting cords to wring them,  
Till morning.

*No more of this light skiping verse,  
A dreerie Tale I now rebearse.*

G

Long

*The Counter-Rat.*

**L**ong this brown study did not last,  
But in, at Compter-gates as fast  
Throng'd in the VVatch agen, A noise  
Offeraping men and squeaking boyes,  
Straight fill'd the houte. The Two-penny  
Leap'd up, and fell a dancing hard: (Ward  
Out at the Hole, all thrust their heads,  
The Knights VVard left their seven groat  
The Masters side hearing the din (beds  
Swore, that the Devil was sure brought in;  
But when they heard they Fidlers were,  
Some curs'd the noyse, some lent an care,  
None curs'd, but what went drunk to bed,  
Being then for want of drink halfe dead.

Lock't were the Fidlers in a Roome,  
All cry'd. Strike up, Play Rogues, Fum-fum,  
The Minnikin tickled, roare did the Bafe,  
Then pawdy songs, all sleepe must chace,  
The men playd heavily, boyes did whine,  
Not seeing meat, money, beere, nor wine,  
Vp such a laugh the Prisoners tooke,  
That the Beds dane'd, and chambers shooke,  
Nay, the strange Hubbub did so please,  
At Prison-bace ran both Lice and Fleas.

*The*

The Bozzen rubb'd off, and Cats guts wearie,  
VVe ask'd, how they who made men merrie  
Grew sad themselves, And why (like sprits)  
Fidlers being strung to walke a nights,  
VVere they lock'd up? -- One then, i' th' eye  
Putting his finger, told us why.  
Quoth he, Being met by a mad Crew,  
In these poore cases, -- up they drew  
Our Fiddles, and like Tinkers swore  
VVe should play them to the Blue Bore,  
Kept by mad *Ralph*, at Islington,  
VVhose Hum and Mum, being powr'd upon  
Our guts, -- so burnt 'em, we desir'd  
To part; -- being out o' th house eene fir'd:  
As our hands play'd our Heads were plied,  
And, tho, the night was cold, we fried,  
For such hot waters sod our braine,  
Like Dawes in *Iune*, we gap'd for raine,  
Strong were our Coxcombes, our legs weak;  
We, not our Fiddles had wit to speak,  
The company then being fast asleepe,  
And we paid soundly, out did creep  
Into the high-way. O sweet Moone!  
We, but for thee, had been undone:

*The Counter-Rat.*

Yet, though thy torch to us was lighted,  
We all might well have beene indited,  
For breaking into others ground,  
Thre in one ditch being almost drown'd  
Yet out we scrambled, and a long (throng,  
The Play house came,— where seeing no  
We swore 'twas sure some scurvie play,  
That all the people so sneak'd away,  
And so the Players descended were  
To th' Starres, Nags-head, or *Christopher*.

To all those Taverns (we cry'd) Let's go,  
At which one fell, and then swore—No,

The Bars in Smith-field well we past,  
For all the Watch had runne in hast,  
Arm'd with chalk'd Bills, wak'd by a cry  
Of Whore-dorps tane by th' enemie.  
From Cow-Crosse stood those stoves not far,  
In which were entred men of warre,  
(Low-Countrey Souldiers late come o're)  
Each one going in to presse a VVhore,

Leaving them pressing, on we trot  
Through the Horse-faire, till wee had got  
Into the middle of Long-Lane,  
VVhere up the Devil doe Brokers traine.

There



*The Counter Rat.*

There down we fell, and then fell out;  
Our leathern Cases flew about  
We fenc'd, and foyn'd, and fought so long,  
That all our Fiddles lay halfe unstrung,  
Their backs were broke, and we oth' ground;  
Swouning for grieve they did not sound;  
Our noyse brought up from Aldersgate  
The rugged Watch, who before sate  
Nodding at the old Mermaids dore,  
Who with a guard of halfe a score  
Seiz'd us, and cry'd, at going away,  
Sad *Lachrimæ* you there shall play.

This told, the Prisoners laugh't out-right,  
And though the whole VVard had no light,  
Yet from their beds all skip and crie,  
Scrapers, Strike up, we the VVatch defie.

The Moone so bold was to look in,  
And saw some onely in their skin,  
(Naked as Cuckowes when *Iune's* past)  
Some had long shirts down to their waste,  
Some wanted back-parts, some an arme,  
None wore a shirt could keepe him warme,  
A French Boy, that sweepes chimnies, weares  
His patch'd up Frock as white as theirs:

*The Counter Rat.*

Some on their heads no night-caps wore,  
Some lapp'd their browes in hose all tore.  
They hobble about, they friske, they sing,  
So long, that crackt was every string,  
By their rude horse-play altogether,  
Flinging their legs they car'd not whither.  
Such horrid noise, such stinking smell  
Cannot be heard nor felt in hell:  
Yet o're they gave not, till the Sunne  
Arose, then all to bed did runne.

*Good Morrow.*

**T**He Rats into the Trap that fell  
This night, were few:—The Constable  
Belike did winke, and would not see;  
For, when the winds rise, his watch and he  
Tosse all that venture on their waves,  
The rocks being brown-bills, clubs, & staves,  
On which they split them:—These and they  
When morning comes are fetch'd away;  
Those Rats o're night whole shapes did leese,  
Being soone turn'd men, by paying but fees,  
Yet some lose taile, some are scracht bare,  
Vvhilst Constables and Counters share.

*FINIS.*

- Bird - the